Alb. We will greet the time.

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters haue I ſworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the ſting are of the Adder,
Which of them ſhall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonorill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vſe
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the ſtage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this buſh
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

Glo. Grace go with you ſir.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edgar.

Edg. A way olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? Men muſt endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.

Baſt. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That

That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like birds i'th cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: ſo weell liue,
And pray, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies, and heare poore Rogues
Talke of Court newes, and weel talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; whoſe in, whoſe out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: and weel weare out
In a walld priſon, packes and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by the Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*
The gods themſelues throw incenſe. Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em, fleach and fell,
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? Weele ſee em ſtarue firſt.

Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I haue aduanc't thee, if thou doſt as this inſtruct
Thou doſt make thy way to Noble fortunes:
Know thou this, that men are as the time is;
To be tender minded does not become a ſword,
Thy great employment will not beare queſtion,
Either ſay thout do't, or thriue by other meanes.

Cap. Ile doot my Lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy when thou haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.